

anniversary

by not a straight trumpet

Category: Sound! Euphonium/éŸĳã•`ï¼•ãf|ãf¼ãf•ã,©ãf<ã,çãf

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Kumiko O., Reina K.

Pairings: Kumiko O./Reina K.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-07 22:31:48

Updated: 2016-04-07 22:31:48

Packaged: 2016-04-27 22:13:55

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,207

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Kumiko and Reina have a rather quiet discussion about the events of one year ago.

anniversary

\*\*a/n: \*\*so, hibike had its first episode a year ago to this date. admittedly, i didn't actually start watching until episode eight happened and the mountain scene started popping up on my tumblr dash, but this is the day it all started and i'm probably going to do another fic for the mountain anyway

\* \* \*

><p>"It r-really has been a year, then, huh?" Kumiko mumbled, fiddling with a paperclip she had found on the floor.<p>

"Hmm?" Reina was crouched on a bench, the same bench she had sat on when she had told Kumiko the secret that had come as something of a shock to the euphonium player. Kumiko was grateful, at least, that they had managed to sort that out well enough.

"I counted the days," she began. Reina turned to her, lightly intertwining her fingers with Kumiko's own. Kumiko still found her breath caught in her throat every time they touched - Reina was not a goddess, she was not a celestial being or a guardian angel sent down from the clouds, but by god she made Kumiko feel like dancing on a ray of sunshine every single moment a touch was shared between the two girls.

"Since what?" Reina's tone was light, gentle, nearly teasing. It was a tone that she had reserved for private moments such as these, far away from the rest of the band, and Kumiko treasured it nearly as much as she treasured the way Reina's hand was now firmly holding onto hers.

"Since the beginning of high school, smart-butt." Kumiko gently elbowed the other girl. "S-since I started to think about band again, since everything started, I guess."

"I remember that."

"Y-you do?"

"I walked into the room, requesting to join the band, and you stood behind me, covering your mouth and staring at me as if I was a demon." Kumiko buried her face in her hands as she struggled to hide her embarrassment.

"Crap," she muttered. "I thought you'd forgotten."

"It wasn't a particularly important memory to me," Reina continued. "For you, and perhaps some others, I suppose it might've been some kind of landmark in the path of fresh starts that so many of us attempt at the beginning of high school, but for me it was simply the continuation of my pursuit to become special. It's a rather fuzzy memory, at the moment. I haven't dwelled on it very much, but the basics of the picture still bring themselves to the forefront of my mind occasionally."

"I'll correct what I just said," Kumiko groaned. Her face felt like it was on fire. "I had sorta been hoping that you'd forgotten."

"There's hardly any chance of that," Reina replied, an impish smile dancing across her features. "Now that you bring it up, some things are beginning to resurface. Your friends - Kawashima and Katou - they were there as well. Your hair was in a ponytail. The president was afraid that I would slip away. No, it wasn't her, it was Asuka."

"I-if you saw me, why didn't you say anything?" Kumiko asked.

"You didn't want to be disturbed. I was admittedly unaware that you were even attending this school, and I didn't have any desire to make you more uncomfortable than you already were."

"Oh. Thanks, I guess."

"In any case, why do you consider today to be so special, if that's a humiliating memory for you?" Kumiko started to fiddle with the paperclip again.

"W-well, I guess it was the start of everything, for me. R-really, I don't think it's possible to judge life on a bunch of isolated events. There're dozens of single moments in time that have shaped me, who I am, all that crap. Who's to say that I didn't become who I am now because I used to have a crush on Aoi, or didn't think when I talked to you at the competition in middle school, or when we stood on that mountain together? There's no real start and end to it all." Kumiko leaned against Reina on the splintered wood of the bench, still holding her hand. She was warm - oh, how incredibly warm - and Kumiko wanted nothing more than to live in that moment forever. "Believe me, I wish there was," she chuckled.

"Why?"

"If there was, maybe we'd have happy endings and stuff, instead of this weird rollercoaster people call being a teenager, y'know?"

"Ah, but isn't that the beauty of it?" Reina looked up at the sky, the clouds tumbling along in puffy fragments. "We only have two true things guaranteed to us in this life, and everything in between is up to us. As much as you may wish it, Kumiko, we don't live in a movie. The credits won't roll. That doesn't mean that things can't stay. It doesn't mean that we can't stay."

"You mean that?"

"You've known me long enough to understand that I rarely say what I refuse to stand by."

"Thanks."

"There truly is no such thing as a fresh start, though, as you have said. As much as we wish to, there is no way to run from our past entirely."

"Yeah. You're here, even t-though I was sorta trying to escape you in the first place, and I'm still in the band."

"And Tsukamoto is here too."

"He doesn't matter."

"True as that may be, he still remains as a reminder of your shared youth." Reina slowly relaxed her hold on Kumiko's hand. "He is here, and yet you seem to have chosen me." The clouds slowed, the cherry blossoms seeming to pause in midair, as Reina's hand travelled up to reach Kumiko's cheek, touching it gingerly. "Why?" The world stopped.

"B-because . . . because . . ." And suddenly Kumiko was dry-mouthed and shaking, fearful yet elated by Reina's touch. "B-because of this!" Without a second thought, Kumiko clumsily pressed her lips to Reina's. She pulled back not a moment later, her cheeks a deep red. "Crap, I didn't mean to do that!" Reina raised an eyebrow in suspicion.

"You didn't mean to very deliberately kiss me on the lips? Terrible, Kumiko, absolutely terrible." Reina reached behind Kumiko's neck, pulling her closer. Kumiko could hardly breathe. "I wouldn't have expected less." The kiss was not a magical experience, at least not the first. It was weird, and extremely awkward, and it was certainly not something that would be featured at the end of a movie, the conclusion of character arcs and plot points, all tied up in a neat little bow as everything else faded to sound and blurry lights. Despite that, it was warm and safe and soft and it felt like home, Reina felt like a mystery waiting to be solved, a girl unseen by most of the world, hidden to everyone but Kumiko in this moment as the schoolgirls in love held each other as if they never quite wanted to let go.

End

file.